The Negro Needs

EDUCATION

VOL. I SEPTEMBER, 1935 No. 5

Photo by Soyer Studio, 2283 *Seventh Ave.*

OFFICERS OF CONSOLIDATED TENANTS' LEAGUE

Left to Right: (Standing) George Headley, Cedric Matterson, John N. Reid, Ethelbert D. Anderson, Eustace V. Deech, Joseph Watt, Vernon S. Campbell, Robert T. Bass; (*Sitting*) Eliza Jones, Minnie L. Green, Dunclan J. Phillips (President), Arnie Peters, Clara Gomez

Story on Page Seven.

Published by

NEGRO NEEDS SOCIETY

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Yearly Subscription:
FIFTY CENTS

5c COPY

A DEFINITE PROPOSAL IS OFFERED!

The colonization and settlement of West Indians in the Colony of British Guiana at the expense of the British and Colonial Governments.

Write, Phone or Call in Person -- West Indian Communities' League — or attend weekly meetings held every Tuesday night at 8:30 P.M. at 210 West 129th Street.

WEST INDIAN COMMUNITIES' LEAGUE

336 LENOX AVENUE, NEW YORK Phone: HArlem 7-9525

A. M. WENDELL MALLIET, President and Managing Director

CALLING ALL TENANTS

The Consolidated Tenants' League has been established for the purpose of uniting all tenants in one organization to effectively protest and fight High Rents.

OUR AIM: "Lower rents and better housing conditions." Our legal staff is always ready to serve all members who have dispossesses.

Meetings every Thursday nights 8:30 P.M., 135th Street Y. M. C. A., between Lenox and Seventh Avenues

CONSOLIDATED TENANTS' LEAGUE

209 WEST 125th STREET, N. Y. Phone: CAthedral 8-2350

EDUCATION

A Journal of Reparation
Published Monthly by
NEGRO NEEDS SOCIETY
3142—104th Street, Corona, L. I., N. Y.
Tel. NEwtown 9-5435

OFFICERS

HARRY STEWART ... *Chairman, General Manager*
JOHNNIE KELLY
Advertising Agent, Circulation Manager
H. S. McFARLAND ... *Editor*

• • •

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS ... *Page One*

THE NEGRO AND THE PRESENT SOCIAL ORDER
By A. George Daly, M.D. *Page Two*

ETHIOPIA — HOW CONCERNED SHOULD WE BE?
By Harry T. Stewart ... *Page Three*

STRANGER IN TOWN
(A Short Story.)
By Robert L. Graves ... *Page Four*

HOUSING
By D. J. Phillips ... *Page Five*

EVENTUALLY (Poem)
By H. S. McFarland ... *Page Seven*

THINK (Poem)
A. C. Dickerson ... *Page Seven*

• • •

PLATFORM

A 1 *The education of our people.*
2 *The advertisement of the virtues rather than the vices of our people.*

B 1 *In view of the fact that discrimination hinders rather than aids the progress of a nation, the urgent need for employment of our people in more varied fields than now exists, is obvious.*
2 *In view of the rapid progress of our people since emancipation, inherent ability and competence as a part of their make-up cannot be justly denied. Consequently encouragement and promotion of Negro initiative and businesses on a larger scale.*

C *Whereas housing and housing conditions are deplorable and whereas unscrupulous landlords, taking advantage of the congestion which now exists in Harlem, have resorted to the exploitation of our people in the community, a peaceful, intelligent solution is advocated.*

D *Proper representation of our people in State and National legislatures.*

EDITORIALS

• • •

TASK No. 1

We believe that the several items that go to make our platform, the housing problem — item "C" of platform: "Whereas housing and housing conditions are deplorable and whereas unscrupulous landlords, taking advantage of the congestion which now exists in Harlem, have resorted to the exploitation of our people in the community, a peaceful, intelligent solution is advocated," — is the most pressing, if not the most difficult, of solution. Wherefore, we first undertake this monstrous task. In conjunction with us, is the Consolidated Tenants' League.

The Consolidated Tenants' League, under the Presidency of Mr. Donelan J. Phillips who has an article on the League elsewhere in this magazine, sees the necessity of co-operation as we do, and is willing to join wholly with those who seek the solution of the problem for which it was organized. [We here extend a hearty invitation to individuals and organizations to aid in the completion of a task already begun.]

The task is monstrous, but we are on our way.

The Editor of Education has written to Mr. Post, Commissioner of the Tenement House Department, for information which he deems necessary and a prerequisite to an intelligent investigation. As soon as he is in possession of this essential, it shall be laid before a joint committee of the Consolidated Tenants' League and Negro Needs Society and accordingly acted upon.

• • •

ARE WE MASQUERADING?

"You have a misinterpretation of the meaning of the word 'Education;' you either do not know the meaning of the word, or you are masquerading." Such is a representative statement of a large group of our readers. It merits reply.

I can find no answer more appropriate than the metamorphosis of the butterfly:

"The females lay eggs on the different kinds of milkweeds. The eggs hatch . . . into caterpillars that feed on the leaves of the milkweeds. . . . The caterpillar (larva) molts and each time grows larger but does not show any signs of wings. . . . It is merely a larger caterpillar.

"Just before the fourth molt it attaches itself to a leaf or stem and hangs by a knot of silk with its head down for a few days until it molts for the fourth time. . . . During this stage there is a striking change taking place inside. . . . Wings, new legs, different mouth parts with a long coiled tongue, and a nervous system of a different form are growing into working order while this pupa hangs so quietly. After a few days the green pupa case breaks open and the adult crawls out with the wings crumpled. In a few hours the wings expand and smooth out their wrinkles, and the butterfly is ready to fly away to feed on the nectar of flowers."

We dare to aspire to reach our goal thru a metamorphosis akin to the butterfly's. May God help us in our progress!

THE NEGRO AND THE PRESENT SOCIAL ORDER

By A. GEORGE DALY, M.D.

• • •

No one can deny the fact that our present social order is rapidly undergoing changes. So rapid are these changes that we are unable to intelligently and adequately steer our ship of affairs to meet the problems incident to the changes. In the midst of these problems, our mind stands confused and perplexed, wishing and feeling a way out, but uncertain of the course to pursue. We have turned to every source of thought for solutions and suggestions. Our political theory seems to have failed or is failing us. Economics, religion, science and education, from each in turn, remedies are sought, but they have not furnished any adequate solution. There seems however, that the consensus of opinion is that education is the only means of effecting desirable social change, by which individual and group can have amicable relations and to make right adjustment to the social order. But here comes the important question, what kind of education?

There have been loud and wide cries for cultural education, vocational education, physical education, commercial and business education, and many others. The advocates of these, feel that our society will undergo miraculous changes by and thru these, thus social justice will be freely extended to all. Obviously, our experiences have taught us differently, because these educational experiments through which our society has passed teach us that something more fundamental than industrial, cultural and physical education are needed. It is for this lost chord we are searching—believing that in the rapid social changes there will be something still remaining to steady us and to assure us of some social security.

The place of the Negro in our social order is one of growing importance, and increasingly the mind of the world seems to turn to him. As a minority group, he experiences untold sufferings at the hand of his brethren. He is relegated to the rear, and apparently the whole social gamut moves on and leaves him behind. Because of the strategic position which he holds in the social order, it should not escape the attention of all fairminded citizens to give deep thought and wide planning to the Negro's present and future development.

Those who advocate education as a remedy for our social ills seem to think that this same remedy is the only salvation for the Negro group, and the more education is applied the better the group will be. And here, the question which was previously raised presents itself again: What kind of Education?

It is as difficult to answer this question at it is difficult to settle the problem of segregation or Jim Crowism. We are still in the dark trying to find a way out. I am convinced however, that in the serious situation in which the Negro is placed, that his economic strength and independence are unquestionably the sin-qua non of group success and mass survival. Unless he opens his mind to the fullest and makes himself felt as an indispensable factor in commerce and business I must confess that the future seems very dubious.

Inferentially, commerce and business, must be based on business education, which is intelligently and wisely planned.

In the July-August issue of "Education" under the title "Education in Business," the author very vividly and clearly pointed out that one of the most pressing needs of the colored man in the City of New York is education in business. He further pointed out, that, in New York City, there are to be found more than 300,000, included in the colored group. The vast majority of them are laborers. They, especially, in the time of prosperity earn quite a respectable sum of money. They, accordingly, spend a proportionate sum for their daily needs, yet the amount of business of a commercial nature conducted by them is almost negligible. For their food, clothing and main pleasure they are totally dependent either upon the foreigner or upon the members of other racial groups.

Very heartily I subscribe to the views of the author, but with a strong feeling that while business education is indispensable there are other conditions which affect Negro life in New York City equally, as the drought in business. And the meeting of these conditions seems to call for a new type education and a new type leadership, superior to those at present and in the past.

The New York *Times* for May 23, pointed out in very bold language, that Harlem presents many difficult problems. It continued by showing that Harlem contains some of the most densely populated areas in the city mostly inhabited by Negroes, a very large number of whom are unemployed. Housing conditions are bad, the tuberculosis rate is even higher than the East Side. Venereal disease is more prevalent than anywhere in the city. Infant mortality is appallingly high. Criminal tendencies are more marked, and juvenile delinquency offers a peculiar challenge to an orderly community life.

It is evident that if such conditions exist in an area where liberal arts, college and professional schools are numerous there is mi education somewhere, therefore the outlook on education must be changed, and curricula offerings revamped.

To meet these conditions and to make safe not only the destiny of the Negro, but also to safeguard and preserve the present feeble social order, careful and critical planning and thinking are necessary, and the quicker these are done the safer will be our boast of democracy.

Continued on Page 3

ETHIOPIA – HOW CONCERNED SHOULD WE BE?

By HARRY T. STEWART

* * *

The important place in the limelight of the press of all nations now held by Ethiopia because of the threatened invasion by Italy brings to mind various suggested solutions of the American Negro problem, most prominent among which is the "Back To Africa Movement," sponsored by the banished Marcus Garvey. Suppose this "Back To Africa Movement" was now launched, let's view the conditions we would meet there, forgetting for the present the small country of Liberia and considering Ethiopia.

Africa, as a whole, has a total area of about 11,513,000 square miles, a total population of about 136,000,000, bounded by the Mediterranean Sea, the Red Sea, the Atlantic and Indian Oceans; it has a coastline of about 19,000 miles.

It is significant to note that of the above the independent country of Ethiopia (Abyssinia) has a total area of about 400,000 square miles, a population estimated at 10,000,000 and no coastline. The balance of Africa being under the control of the British, French, Belgian and Italian mainly. There are two seasons, the rainy and the dry; the rainy season lasting from June to September. The climate is such that few can withstand it, except those born in the tropics. Now let's see how the American Negro would fit in this.

First of all, the American Negro has become acclimated to the moderate American climate. To face the hot climate of Ethiopia would very likely result in widespread illness, particularly dysentery and fever and cause widespread discomfort such as now exists among the Italian troops now concentrated in Africa, reputedly resulting in deaths among them at the rate of six to ten daily. Secondly, the lack of modern sanitation and the modern comforts to which the American Negro has become accustomed coupled with the present low standard of living existing there would take its toll in suffering. The country is still far from united in the full sense of the word, because of the many tribes which are reluctant to give up what they feel is their independence. Schools and hospitals are being developed just since the inauguration of Ras Tafari, called Haile Sclassie, about four years ago. Many tillers of soil still use the ancient time-worn bullock drawn crooked stick. These conditions are presented that you might picture how the American Negro might suffer more in Africa, physically and mentally, than he does now from American prejudice.

Suppose the American Negro did migrate to Ethiopia to aid in the development of a more prosperous, independent country that he could truly call "my Country, my Home," is it not true that if the powerful nations that have seen fit to gobble up most of Africa should see fit to complete the job by taking Ethiopia that then the condition of subjugation would be worse than the condition faced by us now? Back to the place where the ever watchful eye of some powerful nation would be checking every move! Permitting you to develop only as far as they wished! Exploiting the country mercilessly with bayonets! Surrounding you and ever reminding you that you are not to expect any such thing as independence or equality. These probabilities should not be faced by us. Here in America you have given your sweat and blood to develop the country to a greater degree than has the white man. It is your country, at least, as much as it is the white man's by every standard of justice. You have right on your side in demanding justice and equality and the Constitution guarantees this. I believe right will win out if you insist upon fighting hard and intelligently for it. So I say that the American Negro problem should be and must be solved right here in America.

Do I mean by this that you should desert your brothers in Africa? No, not by any means. On the contrary we must determinedly help them in any way we can. The result of Ethiopia's conflict with Italy will have much effect on the future of Negroes the world over for Ethiopia's success would be a gigantic wedge in the destruction of the psychology that the black man was born to be a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water" for his more favored brethren. And an independent Ethiopia flying a black man's flag would serve immensely to encourage the Negroes everywhere to carry on their fight for justice and independence.

THE NEGRO AND THE PRESENT SOCIAL ORDER

Continued from Page 2

The writer is in full accord with many of the points of view propounded by educators, past and present. It is argued that the school is the most important factor in fitting and broadening the life of the people. It is regarded as a social haven of prime importance and without which there will be individual as well as social decadence. To these views I have no contrary opinion, but strongly feel that education in general, and education for the Negro in particular, needs more and great definite planning and execution to safeguard the destiny of the race. Furthermore, the education for the present social order must be essentially different education from that of a decade ago, or even that at present. Of course it will cost more money, not primarily for buildings and equipment, but for the men and women who are to use the buildings and equipment. Obviously, costly buildings belong to the trend of our time and age, and on a whole, they are and can be obtained. One of the important needs is the getting of consecrated leaders — qualified men and women as officers and teachers. In brief, the way out in this rapid social change and chaos is by means of brain —cogent thinking —and character. Negro leaders as well as others must face these facts as they undertake the stupendous task of educating and reeducating the people to wholesome living, and meeting social demands in the community of which they are a part.

STRANGER IN TOWN

(A SHORT STORY)

By ROBERT L. GRAVES

• • •

Old George Waters hummed a merry tune as he went about packing his antiquated handbag. His keen dark eyes were sparkling, and his hard brown hands trembled perceptibly. Mary Jane, his niece, regarded his operations with a serious expression on her pretty face. Finally she said emphatically: "I don't think you ought to be going to New York alone Uncle George. Something might happen to you."

George looked at her indignantly and snorted: "Ah bin gittin' along awright dese sixty-five yeahs down heah, an' ah kin take care o' mahself right on up dah."

George was a hale and hardy old man; tall, muscular and moving with the agility of a much younger person. The only clue to his age was his silvery hair. Hardly any casual observer would have guessed his age as over fifty at that.

"I know, but here at home and in a city, especially New York, is entirely a different question," Mary Jane continued persistently.

"Doan yo' worry none 'bout me, honey," George said reassuringly; "Ah'll be just as well off in Nu Yawk as ah is heah in Billings."

"But you are old Uncle George."

George stopped his packing and glared at her with a ferocious scowl. If there was one thing that caused his blood to boil—calling him old was it. Mary Jane remembered now but it was too late. Shaking his finger menacingly, George roared: "Ah may be old but ah'm as good a man as ah evah was—twice as good as a lot o' dese young snips what's growin' up now-a-days. Old! hmm!" He resumed his packing muttering unintelligibly. Sensing the futility of further argument with such a stubborn old man, Mary Jane remained reticent and set about to help him collect his clothes.

"Alice and Barton will meet you at the station—Lord, if they don't! I'd certainly like to be there and see you getting out by ourself." Mary Jane laughed as she envisioned George groping through the milling crowds in Pennsylvania station in a complete quandry.

Mary Jane had gone to New York and lived for several years before she had married and settled down in Billings. Alice, her sister, had lived in New York for ten years and had recently married a young physician, Barton March, who was making rapid strides toward fame in the medical world. This summer Alice had sent an invitation to George, her deceased father's twin brother, to visit her as long as he should desire. George had promptly accepted. In fact, he was overjoyed. And in spite of Mary Jane's fears and objections, had finally prepared to leave the next morning.

"And you haven't seen Alice since she went to the city ten years ago," Mary Jane reminded him thoughtfully. "She's changed a lot now—stouter and older." She directed his attention to a picture hanging on the wall. "Remember, she's just like that now; so when you see her coming toward you, recognize and greet her warmly."

George eyed the picture critically. "Ah'll know her when ah see her now."

George felt nervous and less self-assured when he alighted among the scurrying people in Pennsylvania station. Grasping his bag firmly in his hand, he stood gazing about him in a bewildering manner. Craning his neck he scanned the crowd, studying every fleeting face as well as he could but finding none that bore a resemblance to Alice. Soon he drifted into the crowd and was pushed along into the main waiting room. Here he stood with a puzzled expression upon his face, vainly endeavoring to think of the next best thing to do.

Eddie and Mack were two small time racketeers. Anything was in their line, from snatching an old lady's purse to forging and confidence games. This morning they had sauntered into the station in search of unsuspecting victims. They were standing in the waiting room when George entered. The moment they saw him, Eddie touched Mack and nodded towards George.

"There's a stranger in town I see," he said closing one eye surreptitiously.

"I believe you're right," Mack agreed, noting George's mutilated handbag and baggy loud checked suit.

They held a whispered consultation for a few minutes, and then approached George with faces wreathed in smiles.

"Pardon my seemingly intrusion sir," Mack began in his suave tone, "but you seem to be in trouble. Maybe we can help you." He displayed a badge. "We're special city officers, and we're always ready and willing to help strangers in our fair city."

George regarded them intently. He decided that they were two nice young colored men, and very accommodating. He sighed relievedly. They were a blessing sent to him.

"Yas-suh, Ah is bothered uh bit," he confessed meekly. Extracting a card from his pocket, he held it up to them. "Dat's de numbah where mah niece Alice lives at. Ah was 'spectin' her to be heah to meet me, but hit 'pears lak she ain't comin'. Mebbe yo' gennamen kin make out whut it says—Ah ain't got mah glasses, so Ah cain't see good."

"What do you know about this!" Mack said in a surprised tone to Eddie. "Why he wants our house." He turned to George. "Mr. er ah—."

"Waters." George supplied.

"Mr. Waters, your niece lives in the apartment just beneath us. Why, Dr. March is a great friend of ours. We'll be only too delighted to see you there. I'm sure some important business has detained the doctor and your niece. Shall we go now?"

"Yas suh, Ah'm sho' ready tuh leave this place." George said with feeling.

On the way uptown George was quite talkative. He felt that he could afford to unburden his-self to these two likable young men who were so kind and affable.

"Ah lives wid one o' mah nieces down in Billings," he was saying as he reclined comfortably against the soft leather of the cab seat. "Dis one Ah'm comin' to see now, Ah ain't seen in ten years—not since she left home. But Ah'd know Alice; we got uh picher she sent home not long ago."

"Most likely you will," Eddie commented. "We'll see when you meet her. Mrs. March must be about thirty years old now, isn't she?"

"Twenty-eight, fust o' next month. Ah got her age down awright," George said proudly. "She's still purty as when she wus eighteen." He smiled reminiscently. "Hair black, an' straight too—got uh little stout heah lately; must be weighin' close tuh uh hunnerd an' forty, or so now."

"Yes, Mrs. March is rather plump now. You've described her perfectly Mr. Waters," Mack said complementary.

The cab halted before an unimposing apartment house on 145th street. Eddie paid the fare. Pausing at an apart-

Continued on Page 6

HOUSING

A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE ORIGIN, SALIENT FEATURES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE CONSOLIDATED TENANTS' LEAGUE

By **D. J. PHILLIPS**

President Consolidated Tenants' League

• • •

ORIGIN AND PURPOSE

1. The Consolidated Tenants' League was organized in the Fall of 1934 after several unsuccessful attempts by local tenant movements in Harlem to enforce their honest and sincere demands upon ruthless and avaricious landlords. It was soon discovered that decisions in the courts were being rendered against tenants by magistrates who very often were privately influenced by landlords or their powerful real estate organizations. The necessity therefore of an effective tenant cooperative organization resulted in the birth of the Consolidated Tenants' League.

2. Recognizing the gravity of the plight of tenants not only in Harlem but in various sections of the city, which plight has been due to the extent of time as well as to the severity of the economic depression, the League immediately resolved to accomplish the following:

(a) A substantial reduction in rent standards, in accordance with assessment, land and real-estate valuations, in the respective boroughs of the City of New York.

(b) A radical improvement in Housing conditions, including rapid slum clearance, replacements, and the general modernation of apartment and dwelling houses.

(c) Compliance with laws already enacted in the interest of the tenant.

(d) The enactment of other laws protecting and guaranteeing the rights, safety, and comfort of tenants against the voracity and inhumanity of certain landlords.

GENERAL PROGRAM SUBSEQUENTLY ADOPTED

To obtain low cost housing of standard quality for the low income group for New York as integral parts of a city-wide plan, in order that: large scale developments and reconditioned property will furnish a great part of the population with dwellings afforded adequate accommodations, fire protection, sanitation and ventilation and as far as feasible and desirable, with educational, recreational and social facilities in the buildings or immediate vicinity, the following means will be employed:

1. Promotion of legislation that will raise the standards and improve the supervision and regulation of existing dwellings and of new housing and opposition to legislation that will lower standards.

2. The coordination of the activities of social, civic, and other agencies and individuals interested in the improvement of new and existing housing for the low income groups.

3. Cooperation with the New York State Housing Board and the Municipal Housing Authority for New York City.

4. The arrangement of meetings, and the maintenance of a housing information and speakers bureau.

5. Encouraging the provisions for courses on housing in schools and colleges.

6. Creating through the cooperation of commercial, civic and welfare groups throughout the city, a public demand for meeting the housing problems of persons of low income in all five boroughs.

7. Cooperating with other groups in obtaining the investment and reinvestment of funds of banks, insurance and title companies in real estate and housing on a planned basis and for socially desirable projects.

8. Creating a public demand for law-enforcement as to housing which will compel the vacating or remodelling of unsafe and insanitary buildings.

9. Stimulating a public demand for transforming numerous blocks of sub-standard housing throughout the city into parks or playgrounds, and financed to the greatest extent possible by benefit assessments on adjoining property

PROPOSED LEGISLATION

The following is a part of the legislative program advocated by the organization:

1. Power to the Municipal Court to grant in stays, non-payment proceedings beyond the customary five days after trial, ex-parte, or on notice.

2. Power to the Municipal Court to order the making of repairs where the landlord brings proceedings. Amendment to the Perkins Bill giving the Court the power to direct the payment of rent in the Court pending the making of repairs where the tenant proves that the landlord has agreed to make such repairs.

3. Power to the Municipal Court to fix or apportion the rent for a given month where the tenant proves that by overt act or omission of the landlord the rental value of the premises for any given month or months has depreciated.

1. That no marshal shall be permitted to issue execution on property of the tenant, removed under a warrant of dispossession at the time of the eviction. (Including non-exempt property)

5. Provisions for costs of the tenant where the landlord loses in a given proceeding.

6. The date and hour of eviction of the tenant fixed by the marshal and notice thereof duly given by him. Such notices should not be given until the expiration of any stay allowed by the Court.

7. Dispossesses should not be allowed except for cause where there is a valid and bonafide dispute between the landlord and the tenant, and any rent accrued or to accrue during the period of such dispute shall be deposited with the clerk at the direction of the Court. The tenancy of a month to month tenant shall not be disturbed by the landlord for a period of one year, during one year from the commencement of tenancy except for cause to be determined by the Court.

8. Breach of contract on the part of a landlord in making of repairs or in the furnishing of any ordinary apartment necessity, shall be a matter of valid defense by the tenant, and the Court shall have the power to direct the deposit of rent until the contract, promise, or agreement shall have been complied with.

MATTERS OF IMMEDIATE IMPORTANCE

Apart from the General Program already outlined, the necessity for immediate action on the following is evident:

Continued on Page 7

STRANGER IN TOWN

Continued from Page 4

ment on the second floor. Mack rang the bell several times. Receiving no response he knocked loudly. Turning to George he said regretfully: "I'm afraid Mrs. March is out just now. Possibly you missed her at the station. But if you don't mind, we'd be only too glad to have you come up to our apartment to wait until she returns. We're just up on the next floor."

"El tain't 'posin on yo' all too much. Ah'd sho' lak tuh git whah Ah kin rest mah feets uh bit," George declared ruefully.

"Not at all Mr. Waters!" Eddie assured him emphatically. "It's a pleasure to accommodate a relative of the wife of our esteemed friend Dr. March." He stepped aside, and gestured dramatically toward the stairs. "You first Mr. Waters."

George was unimpressed by the simplicity of the apartment furnishings. The living room furniture consisted of an overstuffed davenport—with several ragged tears in it—two badly worn chairs, and a portable victrola. Two bed rooms contained a bed, chair, and a small dresser each—a small untidy bathroom, and the kitchen, littered with dirty pots, dishes, and remnants of food.

They didn't live as well in New York as they did in Billings, George reflected as Mack led him into the bedroom adjoining the living room.

"Make yourself as comfortable as you like Mr. Waters," Mack said compliasantly. Then as an after-thought, he added: "Of course you'll overlook the chaotic state of our apartment; we're two bachelors with no one to care for us. Rest yourself, and as soon as Mrs. March returns we'll call you."

"Yas-suh, thank you."

As soon as Mack departed George pulled off his shoes and rubbed his feet tenderly. It was awfully stuffy and hot in the little room. Seemingly no air was coming in through the one small window. He opened the door and stretched out full length upon the bed. Despite his efforts George couldn't fall asleep. "Mebbe hit's 'cause Ah'm in uh strange bed," he soliloquized after hours tossing about.

Soon he heard someone knock at the outer door.

"Who's there?"

"It's me."

He heard a feminine voice reply. The door opened.

"Hello everybody—"

"Shh-close your trap. You want to spoil everything?" Mack's voice was brittle now.

"What's up?" The girl asked in a suppressed tone.

"We got an old farmer in the room. Gonna clean him out in a minute. Where's that bottle of chloroform?"

George sat bolt upright in the bed, eyes and ears wide open. He had heard of chloroform. That's what the doctor had given Mary Jane when he had operated on her for her appendix. She had remained unconscious for a long time. So they were going to chloroform and rob him? George's brows contracted in a heavy scowl as he quietly put on his shoes, picked up his old bag and stepped noiselessly to the living room door. He would have to pass through that room to get out.

"Come on let's put him to sleep tight. He looks just dumb enough to have a big bankroll on him. What the—" Mack had turned and now gazed into the scowling countenance of George.

"You'all git outen mah way, 'cause Ah'm gwine outen heah," George rumbled angrily.

"Why you old fossil! So you're going out?" Mack said sneeringly. "Not before we see what you've got. Pass over that contraption you're holding in your hand and your wallet—quick! We hate to hurt an old man but if you're stubborn we might have to."

George was boiling with rage now. "Ah may be old but Ah ain't so old but Ah cain't handle two good fo' nothin's lak you' all," he yelled excitedly.

"Listen to grandpa." Eddie ridiculed, advancing toward George followed by Mack. "Gimmie that bag you—" Wham! George's right shot out with the power of a mule's kick. Eddie staggered back across the davenport with a look of total surprise in his glazed eyes.

George felt a smart sting on his face. Mack had hit him with all he had. Wheeling just as he was about to connect again, George launched his right with telling force squarely on Mack's jaw. He sagged to the floor like an empty sack. The girl stood silently in the corner looking on in mild surprise.

"Tell dem rascals dey bettah not jump on uh man no mo'—dey ain't hat good 'nough tuh stand up tuh one," George flung at her contemptuously as he rushed from the room.

Reaching the street he glanced around apprehensively. A short distance down the block he saw a parked cab. Here was a haven. He knew now that cabs were at the disposal of anyone and he was quite anxious to leave this district, fearing those men might soon recover and give pursuit armed with deadly weapons. George set off at a trot in the direction of the taxi, fearful lest the driver pull off before he reached there. Just as he neared his goal strong fingers closed securely around his arm halting him in his tracks.

"So you thought you'd make a quick get away huh?"

George turned and his eyes widened in terror. His heart began to thump like a trip hammer. Holding his arm was a policeman. Never in all his sixty-five years had he run afoul of the law.

"Yas-suh, Ah means Ah wus jes' gwine tuh de stashun," he stammered confusedly.

"Right, you're going to the station, but to the 135th street station," the cop prompted him sarcastically.

"But mistah offisah, Ah ain't done nuthin' tuh nobody," George plead tremulously. "Ah had tuh git outen dat house in uh hurry."

"So I noticed," the cop smiled sardonically. "An old fellow like you too. Get in!" He pushed George rudely into the cab. "135th street police station, and make it snappy," he addressed the driver.

The cab started off slowly through the crowd of curious that had congregated around it. George managed to catch a snatch of the conversation as they departed.

"What's up Dick?"—

"Caught an old guy with the goods on him."

This trip was quite the reverse of the previous one George had taken. He was distressed and frightened. Every time he sought to explain, the officer would snap: "Shut up! tell it to the sergeant."

Thoughts of home flashed through his troubled mind as he lapsed into silence. If he were only back in Billings, seated in that comfortable rocker on the front porch. Mary Jane was right. He didn't have any business leaving home by himself. They might even take the fifteen dollars he had in his wallet. Instinctively his hand crept to his pocket and rested on the money. Beads of perspiration formed on his forehead and he moistened his dry lips repeatedly. "Lawd, ef dey jes' doan put me in jail," he mumbled fervently.

The cab drew up before a sombre grey-brick building. "Come on—get out!" George meekly obeyed. His knees were so weak he could hardly stand. Gripping his bag tightly he was led inside by the cop who stopped him at the desk and

Continued on Page 8

HOUSING

Continued from Page 5

1. Advocacy of vigorous enforcement of existing laws by the Tenement House Department, Department of Buildings, and Health Department.
2. Acquainting the public with the present housing situation.
3. Making current data and opinion available through the circulation of news letters, exhibits, and other media.
4. Arranging meetings, and maintaining a housing information and speakers bureau.
5. Securing the immediate appropriation of Federal funds for low cost housing at a low rate of interest and with a long period for amortization.
6. Keeping constantly in touch with the studies being made by other organizations interested in the housing problem, to the end that the best use and widest possible publicity may be secured from the results of such studies.

IMPORTANT CONFERENCES AND COMMUNICATIONS

1. Our first conference with Tenement House Commissioner Langdon W. Post with the view of acquainting the Commissioner of the aims and purposes of the League resulted in the manifestation of interest in our program by the Commissioner and his assurance of active cooperation.
2. A second conference with the Commissioner gave us the confidence of his support in our fight for the passage of laws effecting the welfare of tenants.
3. Letters addressed to Governor Lehman and Mayor La-Guardia on February 25th of this year brought very favorable responses.
4. Resolutions addressed to the President of the United States, the Governor of the State, and the Mayor of the City requesting their cooperation in the allocation of funds for Low Cost Housing in Harlem resulted in favorable replies in each case.
5. A conference with leaders of the Welfare Council of New York City, an organization dedicated to the general interests of the city resulted in its able endorsement of the League's program.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

The efforts of the League have met with the following phenomenal success:

1. Laws affording partial protection to tenants have been legislated through our leadership.
2. Landlords have begun to realize the sincerity of our struggle.
3. Full cooperation of the Tenement House Department in immediate removal of reported violations has been secured.
4. The Federal, State, and Municipal Governments have given assurance to the advancement of our ideals.
5. Our individual membership has increased to the extent of 5000, and our Unit membership in the five boroughs has advanced to 25 in number.

CONCLUSIONS

Despite this unprecedented success we are by no means satisfied with these results. We seriously anticipate an increase in our membership within the next three months to the extent of ten thousand. We hope to force the enactment of laws affording real protection to tenants within the near future. We shall vigorously strive to increase the comfort of tenants in their respective homes, without regard to RACE, COLOR, CREED, or ECONOMIC STANDING.

July 18th, 1935.

EVENTUALLY

By H. S. McFarland

• • •

If, thru these years, we know not more
Than thou wouldst have us know,
Be patient yet a longer while,
We're just a little slow.

We might be more advanced you think
If we were less care-free,
But after all we've done a lot
Since rising from our knee.

You say we play about the street
And "kid" away our time,
That when we should be hard at work
We're spending our last dime;

That circus clowns attract us more
Than buds the bones bare,
That never will we be grown men
Of prime mentality.

To this we beg to make reply
(And if you're keen you'll note)
That very, very long ago
We ceased to be the "goat"

We may be tardy in our way,
We may be decades late,
But in the end we'll sit among
The honored and the great.

• • •

THINK

By A. C. Dickinson

• • •

Think before you speak.
Think before you act.
Think of good deeds — they will help you to be good.
Think what you will and will what you would.
Only fools think not and speak loudly and freely;
The wise man listens and learns.
It matters not what you know,
But it counts much what you do.

Photographs Last Forever — Distinctive Portraits

SPEED'S ART STUDIO

Commercial and Theatrical Photographs

Studio Sittings

2283 SEVENTH AVENUE

Bet. 133rd & 135th Sts. New York City

AUdubon 3-8864

F. BOGUES

300 WEST 110th STREET

Opposite College Sta. P. O.

NEW YORK

Stationery, Candies and Cigars

STRANGER IN TOWN

Continued from page 6

addressed the sergeant: "I saw this fellow making for a cab in a suspicious manner after he dashed out of a house. He couldn't explain why he was leaving so hurriedly, so I ran him in."

"Mistah ofisah, Ah wus jes' gwine tuh de Pennsylvania stashun," George appealed frantically to the desk-sergeant. "Ah'm tuh meet mah niece dah. Ah let two good for nothin' scaly-wags lool me intuh dey house an' dey tried tuh rob me: so Ah knocks 'em down an' runs out. "Fo' de Lawd dat's de trut." George's eyes rolled in sincerity.

"You knocked two men down—that's a laugh," the sergeant said derisively. George wanted to tell him just what he could do to him if he had the opportunity, but decided to use diplomacy and remained reticent though anger raged within him.

"Open up that bag!" George was forced to part with his precious bag at last. Reluctantly he passed it to the cop who opened it roughly and picked its contents out piece by piece: two old striped suits—very wrinkled—six white shirts, five suits of underwear, six pairs of heavy cotton sox, a pair of brogue shoes, and a few scattered articles.

"Well, that certainly looks as if it belongs to the old fellow all right," the sergeant commented viewing the clothes distastefully.

"He acted so suspicious sergeant I thought it best to do my duty," the cop explained quickly as he repacked the bag.

"O.K. Smithson. Take a look at that apartment and see if you can grab those mugs." Then to George: "You want to go back to the Pennsylvania station?"

"Yassuh," George said eagerly. "Mah niece mus' sho' be worried 'bout me by now."

"O.K., you're free to go; but hereafter don't let your actions arouse so much suspicion."

"Naw suh," George said moving toward the door much faster than when he entered. As he reached the street a cruising cab driver spied him. He coasted alongside of George.

"Taxi mister"

"Yassuh." George climbed gratefully in.

"Where to mister?"

"Pennsylvania stashun ef you' doan min'. Reckon mah—," George caught himself abruptly. No more talking to strangers.

He sank back on the cushioned seat tired and weary. If he had only known it would be like this in New York, he would never have left Billings, he ruminated bitterly. At 110th street a red light caught the driver. While they waited for the crosstown traffic, George viewed the passing people interestedly. Suddenly he let out a yell that startled the driver.

"What's the matter mister?" he asked George concernedly.

"Dah's mah niece!" George excitedly pointed out a rather attractive and plump woman standing near a store entrance looking through the plate glass window. "Jes' lak de picher o' herself—hair, an' all. Ah'm gwine git her." He hustled from the cab clutching his bag.

"Wait a minute fellow!" The driver yelled vainly after his fleeting figure. As George neared the lady she stepped inside the store. Approaching her, he tapped her lightly on the shoulder. The lady turned an inquisitive face to him.

"Doan yo' know me?" he asked grinning broadly.

The lady stiffened perceptibly and withering George with a scathing look, said icily: "No I don't know you and if you don't go away I'll have you locked up." She turned her back on him disdainfully.

George felt hurt and grieved. Surely Alice couldn't have forgotten him, although she hadn't seen him in ten years—and he was positive that this was Alice.

Timidly he sidled up to the lady again and said awkwardly: "Well, ef yo' name's Alice, Ah'm yo' uncle George."

The lady didn't bother to turn around. She called vexedly to one of the clerks: "This old man is pestering me, please drive him away."

To George's embarrassment and discomfiture, a husky clerk seized him and ushered him unceremoniously onto the sidewalk much to the amusement of the onlookers.

The cab driver was waiting.

"You owe me some fare mister, and I want it," he informed George threateningly.

"Ah ain't finished ridin' yit. Ah wants yo' tuh git me down tuh de Pennsylvania stashun," George said dispiritedly.

"O.K., let's go mister," the driver said highly pleased.

"Ah could uh kissed uh stack of Bibles dat was Alice." George mused non plused as the cab sped toward the station. "Lawd, Ah ain't nevah thought Ah'd git mixed up lak Ah is now."

"Here ya'are mister." George climbed out and paid his fare. Once again he was in this colossal structure that was eternally filled with hurrying people. He wondered where so many people could be going. Again he peered anxiously into faces. No one that resembled Alice. Possibly she had been here while he was away and had gone. He couldn't stay here forever, he reflected sadly.

"Take your bag mister? What train do you want?" George turned his tired eyes to the red cap that had addressed him. "Yo' works heah doan yo'?" he asked dubiously.

"Yes sir, I'm a baggage porter," the young man replied alertly.

There was something about the boy that dispelled George's fears concerning him. Again he presented the card with the address. "Could yo' tell me how tuh git tuh dis numbah?" He asked hopefully.

"Sure." The porter looked at George thoughtfully. "It's a long ways from here to Edgecombe Avenue. Why don't you call them up to come for you — here's the phone number on here."

"Ef yo' would be so kind as tuh do it fo' me," George stammered. "Yo' see, Ah cum all de way from home, an' clean fo'got mah glawses."

"Sure I'll call them. Come this way." George followed him to a phone booth, and looked on perplexed while he maneuvered the dial. "Here's your party mister."

"Dat yo' Alice?" — "Why Uncle George! I didn't expect you until tomorrow." Alice's voice floated excitedly over the wire. Are you at the Pennsylvania station?" — "Uhhuh" — "Stay right there by the booth until I get there. I'll find you. I'm driving right down." George held the receiver for a minute or more, then finally walked out leaving it dangling.

"Why uncle George! You look wonderful!" George was encircled in a pair of plump brown arms, and kissed soundly before he knew it. It was Alice all right. Just like the picture at home.

"Yo' looks mighty fine yo'sef Alice," he said smiling complacently.

"Thanks Uncle George. Barton says I'm getting too fat. Come on, let's go home. I know you're tired." She put her arm through his. "You did right to phone me instead of trying to find the house — you might have gotten lost, or robbed, or something."

George smiled wistfully. "Reckon yo' is right Alice," he murmured.

THE END

STEWART'S BUS SERVICE

DE LUXE BUSSES FOR ALL OCCASIONS

31-42 104th STREET

CORONA, LONG ISLAND

Coming events cast their shadows before,

Watch this space and you will become acquainted with

THE GRENADIERS

A young club of New York City

With modern methods of enjoyment

TO THE PUBLIC

If you do not see EDUCATION on the newsstands, ask for it; if your local newsdealer cannot furnish it, please drop us a card. We will be very pleased to send you a copy by return mail.

EDUCATION

654 St. Nicholas Avenue

NEW YORK, N. Y.

The HILLPIT PRESS

PRINTERS

296 West 115th Street

New York, N. Y.

EDgecombe 4-1080

WHY HAS

ROSE'S

Withstood the March of Time?

ASK ANYBODY

Best Foods Right Prices

Quick Service

430 LENOX AVENUE

Established 1910

Do you want the best in candy, stationery, service?

Drop in for a visit

Simon Benjamin

Candy and Stationery Store

2359 EIGHTH AVENUE

(Between 126th and 127th Streets)

New York, N. Y.

W. LIPSETT

CUSTOM SHOEMAKER

Rebuilder of High Grade Shoes

Hat Cleaning and Shoes Shined

Stetson	WhiteHouse & Hardy
Regal	French, Shriner & Urner
Walkover	Frank Brothers
Hanan	London

2191 SEVENTH AVENUE

New York City

Tel. AUdubon 3-1134

HARLEM FLOWER SHOP

ARTISTIC FUNERAL DESIGNS

J. T. JACKSON, *Prop.*

2365 SEVENTH AVENUE

New York City

AUdubon 3-1215

American Barber Shop

Ingrowing Hair, Falling Hair and Dandruff Our Specialty

Our Barbers do High Grade Work

G. W. YOUNG

561 LENOX AVENUE

Bet. 138th & 139th Sts. New York City

NEWTON'S

Sea Food and Bakery

EXCELLENT FOOD — EXCELLENT SERVICE

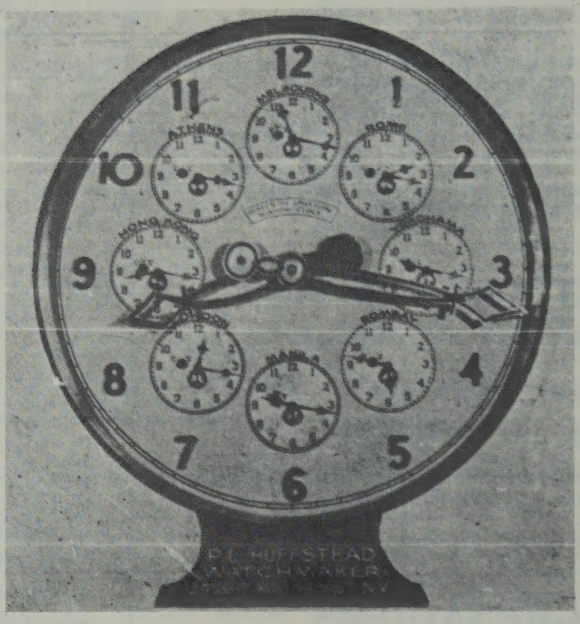
Come In and Try Us Sometime

A trial is all we ask

555 LENOX AVENUE

Between 138th and 139th Streets

ROY NEWTON, *Manager*



Facts About the Clock

1. Costs over $1,000.
2. Took two and a half years to build.
3. Carries accurate time simultaneously for 9 cities.
4. Color in code dial changes from blue to red every 12 hours.
5. Color shows periods of A.M. and P.M. in the different cities.
6. Constructed by P. L. HUFFSTEAD,

2156 Seventh Ave., New York City.

WE BUY OLD GOLD
WATCHES & DIAMONDS